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London Terræ-filius :

OR THE

Satyrical Reformer.

BEING

Drolling Reflections on the

VICES and VANITIES

OF

Both Sexes.

To be Continu'd.

By the Author of *The London-Spy.*

Numb. I V.

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London Terræ-filius:

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The Satyrical Reformer, &c.

NOW Good Folks have a care
 how you speak false *Grammar*,
 for here comes that Shadow of
 a *Poet*, and Reformer of a *Spelling-Book*,
 Mr. *Emphatical*, the *Critick*: He's
 the very *Beau* of an *Author*, and the nicest
 Man at an *Orthographical Point*, that ever
 fought a *Pedantick Prize* at those damnable
 hard Weapons call'd *Comma*, *Semicolon*,
Colon, *Period* and *Parenthesis*: He is so
 Elegant an *Author*; so Indefatigable a
Student; so Exact a *Penman*; and so Neat
 a *Bard*, that should he make but one Blunder
 in a whole Sheet, rather than deface
 the Beauty of his Copy by the Interlineation
 of a Word, he would Transcribe the

Page, that the *Compositor* might Praise him more for his *fair Writing*, than the World for his *Poetry*: He has long deserv'd the *Bays* in his own Opinion, tho' the Ingratitude of the Age has given him nothing but *Birch*; in Revenge of which he is now turn'd *Scavenger* to the *Muses*, and delights in nothing so much as to rake other Writers Faults together, till he has made a *Dunghill*, and then to pelt them with their own Rubbish: His Brains have been in Labour above these two Years to bring forth a monstrous Piece of *Criticism*, call'd, *A Roman Touchstone for English Poetry*; wherein he undertakes to prove, That all our Modern Verse, except his own, is made of base Metal, and that it is worse than Old Standard by at least Two-pence in a Line; but when the most accurate Prodigy will be Midwiv'd into the World, none but the Parent is able to tell us, who is generally so long in Labour with every trifling Issue, that at last it creeps out so Still-born into the World, when People are Sick of Expectancy, that no Body minds it; or if they do, they commonly find the promis'd *Leviathan* dwindled into a *Sprat*, which only serves, like the *Mountain Mouse*, to provoke Laughter instead of Admiration: He has also a *New Comedy upon the Stocks*, Writ according to the most *Dramatick Rules* of the Ancient Poets; but
when

when it will be Launch'd, the Wisest Conjuror in *Morefields* knows no more than the Author, who generally gives Publick Notice of his Notable Undertakings before they are well begun, and is very often ashamed of his dull Performances before they are near ended; so that his Study is like a *Face-Painter's* Showing-Room, where scarce any thing is to be found but unfinished Pieces: He is a very Great Man, by his own Talk, with my Lord Every Body, and is mightily Carest by the Nobility for his *Wit*, tho' his highest Honour is to Walk on Foot and behold them in their Coaches: He would perswade you to believe that he Dines every Day with Quality, tho' but a Minute before he step'd out of a *Cook's* Shop, where he was glad to make a Solitary Meal of a Two-penny Mutton Rump, and a Penny Kidney: He is the meekest *Momus* that the present Age produces, and has more Satisfaction when he reads a *Poem*, in the discovery of one Fault, than in observing twenty Beauties: He is so violent an Enemy to the Letter *K*, that he would have it expung'd the Alphabet, and Swears you may as well Spell *Sunt* with a *C*, as to begin *Katherine* with a *K*, for that it ought to be Spelt with a *C*, according to the *Roman Orthography*; and if it's us'd after a *c*, as in *Publick*, or *Catholick*, &c. it is such a preposterous piece

pieces of unaccountable *Barbarity*, that no Christian Writer would certainly be guilty of, lest he had no other Learning than what he deriv'd from a School-Mistress: He is so *Ostentatious* in his Talk; so ill-Natur'd in his Writings; so Vain in his Temper; and so Wise in his own Conceit, that you would take him, in Conversation, to be a Composition of *Beau*, *Cinick*, *Blockhead*, and *Vertuoso*, yet none so ready as himself to accuse others of the same Faults and Failings, which his Tongue, as well as his Pen, are both equally addicted to, as if, by continually *Criticising* upon other Peoples Errors, he had infected himself with their Follies; as the Begging *Trull*, by lousing the head of her Husband, commonly brings herself into the same Pickle. *Railing* and *Lashing* are his two principal Talents; for he thinks there is more Judgment in exposing a Fault, which good-Nature would wink at, than in commending that Just Merit, which his own ill-Nature ought to blush at: His crabbed Looks, and his harsh Disposition, would have fitted him rarely for a *Grammatical Monarch*; and when-ever he was incorporated into a *Poet* and a *Critick*, he suffer'd a *Flogging Pedagogue* to wander out of his Element; for now he has Listed himself into the Service of *Apollo*, The chief Employment that he finds for his *Muse*, is to
bundle

bundle up Rods for the *Critical Firking* his own *Rhyming Fraternity*; yet could not keep himself out of the *Weekly Whipping-Post*, tho' he sets himself up for such a nice Corrector of other Men's Blunders. Talk of the *Assyrian Monarchy*, and he is such a Dab at History, that he'll run you thro' the whole Series of Affairs from *Nimrod* to *Darius*, and tell you the very Colour of the *Horse* that committed *Incest* with *Semiramis*. As for *Greece*, name any King of that Country from *Alexander* to *Perseus*, and he'll give you an Abridgement of his Reign in six Minutes, as well as in six Hours; and furnish you with as exact an Account of the Wars of *Troy*, as if he had been a *Bowder-Monkey* at the Seige; and as for the *Roman History*, he has it as perfect at his Fingers-ends, from *Julius Caesar* to *Constantius Chlorus*; as a Book-Learn'd Bumpkin has the Memorable Transactions between *Tom Thumb* and the *Pudding-Bowl*; and can give you such an accurate Description of all their Coins, with such a Repitition of their Motto's, that you would think he had liv'd long enough to have been a *Roman Tax-gatherer* to the whole Succession of their *Cesars*; but tho' so well acquainted with all the mouldy Remains of the three Old Monarchies, yet if you ask him who it was that began the *Civil-Wars* in *England*, you will find him so much a Stranger

ger to Truth and our own History, as to tell you King *Charles* the First. No wonder, for the same Snarling Temper that makes a Man a *Critick*, if he turns his Genius but a little awry, will make him a *Rebel*. For the Itch of Exposing Men's Failings to their *Disreputation*, when they are Living, very seldom arises from a desire of doing Good to the World, but of doing Injury to the Person whom the *Critick* labours to Expose; because, thro' a Principle of *Envy*, he hates to see another's Head Crown'd with *Bays*, whilst his own goes Naked: Therefore, if once he turns his Penetrating Eyes towards the Affairs of *State*, the first thing that he beholds is some Mysterious Error that threatens Inevitable Ruin, without a speedy Reformation. Thus, let him apply himself to whatever he pleases, to Snarl and Cavel is the very Nature of the *Beast*.

But hark'ye, Sir, since I find you are resolv'd to set your self up for a *Whipping-Tom* of the Age, and that no Man shall escape your Judicious Censure, that dares to Publish the most Minute Trifle without first asking your Advice, and submitting the Poor *Madrigal* to your Perusal and Correction, that your self may have the Honour of what's Commendable, and the real Author be allow'd no Title to any

any part of his own Product, besides his Slips, Blunders and Mistakes, it seems to me most absolutely Necessary, that a Man of your *Carping Genius* should first give the World a Convincing Testimony of your own Parts, before you take upon you the Authority of Correcting others for those very Errors which have, hitherto, been often repeated in your own *Poetry*. Learn first to write without Faults, before you busie your self so much in raking in- to the Over-sights of others; for he that, like your self, undertakes to mend what he ne'er could make, generally proves himself in the end but a sorry *Cobler*. A musty Catalogue of Old *Poets* and *Philosophers*, assisted with a *Common-Place-Book* of their quaint Phraises and mouldy Actions, are not all sufficient to make a Man either Wise, Vertuous, Good-Natur'd, or Ingenious. It is very possible for a Man to be all these without any helps from our *Heathenish* Ancestors, and to steer himself very Handsomly and Commendably thro' the Troublesome Voyage of this Life to the Port of Eternity, without chusing either a *Greek Philosopher*, or a *Roman Poet*, for his Pilot; therefore I would not have you value your self so much upon the Venerable Names of those remote Authors you never read; nor Prattle so much of the Wisdom of the Ancients, unless you would make

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them your Example, but rather condescend in your Common Conversation to talk of Things you better understand, and not toss up your head, and look so Scornfully over your Shoulder upon such Persons who, notwithstanding your affected *Sapience* and learned *Rhodomontades*, can fathom the muddy Fountain of your shallow Intellects, till they find nothing in the bottom but *Pride*, *Ill-Nature*, *Vanity*, and *Self-Conceit*, which are only fed and supported by the very Dregs and Fesis of an indigested *Education*: Therefore I advise you, as a Friend, to spare other Peoples Faults till you have corrected your own; and when you have made it manifest to the World, by your Writings, that your *Invention* is stronger; your *Language* finer; your *Numbers* more powerful; your *Similies* more apt; your *Verse* smother; and your *Judgment* superiour to theirs you Cavil with, then you shall have all the Honour that is due to a *Stanch Critick*, from a *Rhiming Fraternity*; but till then, if ever you take upon you to Censure other Mens Works, you shall be soundly Firk'd by all the Sons of *Apollo*, for your Ridiculous Presumption, and be only Laugh'd at for a *Momus*, instead of Wonder'd at for a *Wit*.

For he that Models Laws to try
A heedless Erring Brather by,

Ought

*Ought to be Damn'd with double Shame,
When-e'er he varies from the same.*

Pray make room for *Madam Camel* : Here comes one of the most indigested Lumps of Womanish Imperfection that ever was Proud of her own Deformities : She's such a walking Emblem of *Anarchy*, or *Confusion*, that I can never cast an Eye upon her distorted Ladiship, without thinking upon the *Chaos* ; for her Legs and Arms stand as crooked and as straggling as a *Plowman's Tobacco-stopper*, cut out of a *Crab-Tree Hedge*, that a Man would be ready to think, by her irregular Disproportion, that she was some Fortuitous Offspring of the *Indigesta Moles*, long before *Omnipotence* had ever thought of a Creation : Her *Gorgonical Countenance* looks as if it was Copy'd from the Wooden Grimace, commonly Carv'd upon the handle of a *Barbers old Citeru* ; and her Back and Breast are exactly model'd like a *Theatrical Punchenello's* ; her Hips stand a strut like the Ach-Bones of an old *Cow*, Hide-bound, upon a *Common* in a dry Summer, and, by the mistake of *Nature*, are so incommodiouly plac'd, that her Blade-Bone and her Huckle grind together as she walks, like a couple of *Mill-Stones* ; her *Pendulum Arms* are of so wonderful a length, that she can tye her Gar-

ters below Knee without stooping; and her Waste is so very short, and her Twist so long, that when she straddles over a Stile, she looks like a pair of Tongs on Horse-back; her Pedestals stand scew-waw like the Feet of an *Indian* Figure upon a *Japan-Table*, yet when-ever she moves 'tis with as much Majesty as if she was Queen of the Universe; her Mouth for Substance, and that of Generation, are such near Neighbours, that who-ever Kisses the one, if he has but a good Nose, may smell the Breath of the other; take her altogether, and she's the crooked Epitome of an ill-favour'd *Oak*, that is full of nothing but Knee-Timber; her Temper is so sweet, and her Conversation so charming, that if she does but look upon a Quart of Milk, the very soureness of her Aspect will turn it into a Posset; and when-ever she Speaks, 'tis with such squeamish Contempt towards some of her own Sex, that a Man would think, by her Words, she had a spiteful Antipathy against the Female Race, notwithstanding herself is one of the *Cloven Gender*; She has a Voice like a *Cat-call*, and when she uses it, 'tis certainly to abuse some Body that is not so ugly as herself; her greatest Satisfaction is to Rail at the Infirmities of her Petticoat Neighbours. *Such a one she'll warrant, by the Wantonness of her Looks, knows what it is to put herself*
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in the posture of a Spread-Eagle. A second, Tho' she wears good Cloaths, yet she always appears as Blowzily, as if she had been just rumpled upon a Hay-Mow. A third, Is such a nasty Slatern, that her Tail hangs in dirty Daglocks, like a Cows Countenance. A fourth, Walks as Stately, as if she had quite forgot what an ugly flaw she had got in the middle of her Perfections. A fifth, Was such an impertinent Prattle-Box, that she would out-Talk a Country-Justice at a Quarter-Sessions. A sixth, Such an unmannerly Hoyden, that she begs Kisses with her very Looks, and would Tempt a Man with her Gestures to offer Violence to her Chastity. A seventh, Is such a homely Pug, that her thick Lips would make a Man, in the dark, fancy he was Kissing a Blackamoor. After this kind of manner she is always reviling her own Sex, tho' herself is as ill-Temper'd as a Gouty Judge, and Ugly as a Hedgehog: She has as much Padding and Wodding in her Stays and her Petticoats, to raise the hollows of her Back, the sinking of her Ribs, and flatness of her Buttocks, to a tolerable level with her distorted Haunches, as would stuff a Side-Saddle, so that she has no occasion at Night to unstrip for Ease, for she may lye as soft in her own Cloaths, as she can upon a Feather-Bed: Her Taylor is so confoundedly Puzzl'd to notch down every Defect upon his Parchment Talley, when
he

he takes Measure of her for a Gown and Petticoat, or a Pair of Strays, that he is afterwards as much plagu'd to understand the variety of his own marks, as he is to please her in his Workmanship; for her Neck is swallow'd up by her Shoulders; her Waste crept into her Arse; and her Breast, like a *Penthouse*, hangs so over her Belly, that it is as difficult a matter to fit her Ladiships Monstrosity with a Suit of Female Apparel, as it would be for a *Limb-Trimmer* to make a Coat and Breeches for a *Chichester Lobster*. Observe her towering Commode, and you cannot but judge it at least six Inches higher than the Steeple-Crown of an Old Gammar's Hat, most finely set off with an aspiring Knot of the *Union* Colour, supported with as much Wire as would make a *Bird-Cage*, which serves to shew, tho' her Ladiship is no more than a Female Crumpling, yet that she delights as much in things that are stiff standing as those of her Sex, who are blest, by *Nature*, with the most admirable Proportion. The heels of her Shoes are such uncommon Stilts, for the advantage of her height, that they force her to tread on tip-Toe, for there is no Slander would provoke her more than to be accounted a *Dirgan*. But, notwithstanding the numberless variety of implacable *Humours* and astonishing *Imperfections* that inhabit both
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the *City* and *Saburbs* of this Metropolitan Piece of *Ugliness*, she has *Pride* enough in her *Heart* to put her *Crooked Mortality* upon a level with *Old Lucifer*; and I question not, but, thro' her mistaken *Vanity*, like the blackest *Aethiopian*, she misconstrues her own *Deformities*, to be the only *Graces* that render a *Woman* admirable, or otherwise she would never place such a value upon herself, as to think she is a fit *Match*, with her thousand *Pound*, for a *Man* of *Quality*; when she ought to think herself, could she but judge impartially of her own *Merits*, only qualify'd to be a *Snarling Drudge* to a *Modern Critick*, that, by the assistance of her ill-Nature, she might truly perform the *Duty* of an *Helpmate*, and teach him, by her pick-fault *Example*, to over-look his own *Errors*, and rail the more heartily (without blushing for himself) at other *Mens* *Failings*; for who could agree better in the *Nuptial Bilboes*, than such a *Monster* of a *Sphinx*, that is always spitting her *Venom* at her own *Sex*, and such a *Noddy* of a *Mamus*, that is ever *Cavelling* at other *Mens* *Writings*? 'Tis your affright'ning *Picture*, *Macaronique Madam*, I have been exposing to the *Publick*; and now I have drawn you near enough to give me your attention, pray think it not amiss if I take upon me to make your *Ears* glow with

with those useful Admonitions which your present Patience, and future Practice may turn to your Advantage before ever you reflect upon the Infirmities of any of your own Sex, be sure you ask some Body that you know hates *Flattery*, which is the Handsomest of the two, the Lady you are about to find fault with, or that amusing Piece of *Stupendious Deformity* your self, and if the matter in Contest be given against you by your Umpire, suspend your Censures till you are grown as Handsome as your Neighbour, or she as Ugly as your Ladiship; for to be always Carping at the Defects and Blemishes of other Persons, when your own Deformities are even a Shame to *Nature*; a Disparagement to your *Nurse*; or a Scandal to your *Progenitors*, argues such a blind *Stupidity*, and unaccountable *Self Conceit*, that renders you fifty times more Ridiculous to the World than all Bodily Infirmities, were you as Homely in your Shape as a Lean Cow, or a Crablouse; therefore I advise you to endeavour, by the commendable use of *Modesty* and *Prudence*, to straighten the crookedness of your Temper, that you may look with an Eye of good-Nature upon the Failings and Deficiencies of unhappy Persons; for to wink at the Faults, and compassionate the Misfortunes of others, are the best and surest means to preserve your own

own Deformity from Contempt and Ridicule.

*The foolish Ape began to rail
Because the Monkey had a Tail;
Says Pag, You're vex'd your Rump's
[so bear,
And that you've no such Tail to wear.*

Here comes one of the *City Eagenites*, a *Losing Wagerer*, you may see by his Countenance, for he has as many ill-favour'd Lines in his Face to denote the Peevishness of his Temper, as there are Wrinkles in the Forehead of an Old *Bawd*, to express the Lewdness of her Youthful Practices: Six Weeks since, should any Man have doubted the Conduct of his Favourite *Heroe*, according to the Maxim of the *Low-Church Saints*, he would have call'd him a thousand *Jacobites* for despairing of Success, and would have been ready, in a Passion, to have toss'd fifty *Guineas* into his Mouth, to have had a hundred paid him upon the Taking of the *Tartar*; yet now you see, upon the disappointment of his Zeal, as well as *Avarice*, he looks as Angry and as Spiteful as a Persecuting *Courtier* that has lost his Sting, by being spew'd out of Office for abusing his Authority: He has been twenty Years in getting three or four thousand Pounds by Cozen-

ing his Customers, and now at once, *What he has got over the Devil's Back*, according to the Old Proverb, *he has wasted under his Belly*; and, like an Infatuated Blockhead, has made himself a Jest to the whole City. O how Cock sure, before the Army were withdrawn, was our *Guild-Hall Polititian*, that no less than a new *Calash* and a fine *Gelding* must be promis'd his Wife, upon the Joyful Success, to carry her down to *Epsom*, as Great as a *Persian Princess* in her Open *Chariot*, that the World might behold her Beauty; but, alas, the scurvy Disappointment has so baulk'd her Ladiship, that she Pouts at Dinner; Grumbles at Supper, Scolds a Bed; and leads him, ever since, such an uncomfortable Life, that, betwixt his *Wife* and his *Losses*, he is ready to toss up *Cross* or *Pile* whether he shall *Hang* or *Drown* himself: His Aspect seems to me such an Unfortunate Composition of *Knavery* and *ill-Nature*, as if he was Destin'd by his Stars to give his *Creditors* the Slip, and to become a *Titular Captain* in some *West-India Plantation*; for he looks as if he was ready to toss all *Honesty* over-Board, to qualifie himself for a Voyage to *Jamaica*, or *Barbadoes*. Who would think that so warm a *Zealot*, and a *Saint* of the *Elect* too, should, upon one Transitory Turn of *Fortune*, appear as *Melancholy* as if the *Lord* had forsaken him,

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notwithstanding the repeated Assurances he has twice a Week from his *Geneva Oracle*, That all these things are ordain'd in Heaven for the good of God's People ; which, by the by, he would have you to understand are no where to be found but in the United Kingdoms of *Great Britain*. Since his unhappy Disappointment, he has taken such an Antipathy against a *Coffee-House* and its Liquor, that he Swears the one is an *Antichristian Babel*, and the other the *Devil's Potridge*, and that all their *News* are a parcel of *Sophisticated Lyes*, not fit to be suffer'd in a *Christian Country*, meer *Shams* and *Subtilities*, contriv'd by a pack of *Deceitful Reprobates*, to ensnare the *Righteous* ; but had *Prince Eugene*, with his great *German Flies*, but broke the Cobweb Walls about *Toulon*, - and taken Possession of the *French Spider's Nest*, O then he had held a *Coffee-House* as Sacred as a *Conventicle*, extoll'd the use of our *News-Papers*, as the *Crumbs of Comfort* ; and commended the *Mahometan Berry* above the *Christian Grape* ; for all things conducing to their *Interest* are of the *Lord's Doings*, and what-ever opposes it are the *Workings of the Devil*. I'll warrant if that angry *Zealot*, now under the Provocation of his *Lois*, had but Marshal *de Tesse* by his Whiskers, what lamentable Work would he make with him ; he would scarce be at the charge of

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bestowing a Cage upon him, as *Tamexlane* did upon *Bajazeth*, but Chain him at the foot of the *Monument*, that every *Apprentice Boy* might climb up into the *Balcony*, and Piss down upon his head; for he looks with as much *Inveteracy*, as if he had just broke loose from a parcel of *Jacobites*, who had toss'd him in a Blanket, or forc'd him against his Will to drink a Health to the *High-Church*. Were you to examine his Fingers, you would find his Nails bit to the quick; for if you observe him as he comes along, you will see he has all the *Fretting Grimaces* and *Frantick Gestures* of a *Losing Gamester*, as if he was much fitter for *Moorfields Bedlam* than that of the *Change*, to which he is now marching. If any Body talks of *Toulon* to him, it puts him, for an hour, into a Fit of *Raving*, and makes him worse Company than a Drunken *Welshman*, drawing down his Pedigree from *Owen Tudor*. Pray come hither, Mr. *Pickglumb*, and since you have prov'd your self so Unskilful a *Merchant*, as to ventue your *All* upon so doubtful a Bottom, stop your haste a little to be instructed by the way, how to compose your Temper; for every Man but an *Obstinate Fool*, would be glad to learn how to make the best of a Bad Market. In the first place remember the Old Proverb, *What can't be cur'd, must be endur'd*; therefore, except you have a mind to pine your
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your self into a dispondency of *Providence*, in order to *Hang* your self in your own Garret, be sure you make it your endeavour to bear that with *Patience*, which the Fortune of War has put out of your power to prevent; and since the mistaken Opinion of your *Covetous Party*, together with your own *Avarice*, have unhappily led you into this Error, I would advise you for the future to forsake all *Conventicles*, as you now do *Coffee-Houses*; renounce their *Hypocritical Cant*, as you do the *Lying News-Papers*; and return to the *True Orthodox Church*, of which you was once a Member, till, for *Base and Mercenary Ends*, you prov'd an undutiful Son to the best of Mothers: Therefore look upon your present Losses and Misfortunes to be but a just Judgment upon your *Apostacy* from the *Truth*; and when you have thoroughly purg'd your self from that *Hypocrisie* and *Deceit* you have imbib'd from the Practice of your perverse Brethren, become a new Communicant to the good old *Church*; and from her most Excellent and Sound Doctrine you may learn to be Happy under the greatest Misfortunes; but if you remain Obstinate, and persist in your Errors, may you still, like the rest of your Tribe, show *Envy* in your Looks; bear *Malice* in your Heart; and use *Dishonesty* in your Dealings, till you are grown as Rich as *D-comb*; as Miserable as *Cutler*; as Proud as your Guide; and as *Spiteful* as the Devil.

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*He that will venture all h' as got
Upon an Action so remote,
May be accounted for his Pains
A Man of Zeal, but not of Brains.*

Here comes a Devout Lady for you, that forsook her own *Parish-Church* to go to the *Meeting*, for no other reason, but because she could not have a Seat in the uppermost *Pew*. That Woman, tho' but the Relict of a *Mechanick*, has as much *Pride* in her Heart as the Queen of *Tunquin*; not a mouthful will go down at a Neighbour's Table, except she be plac'd above her Betters; nor will she enter into a *Stage-Coach*, tho' she has given Earnest, unless she can have the best Corner, and the Right-hand of the rest of the Passengers. Her Deportment in all Cases is so very Haughty, and her Temper so Domineering, that she first vex'd her Husband into a *Consumption*, and then bully'd him into the *Grave*; and now she Dresses as Rich and as Airy as a *Lascivious Countess*, in hopes to decoy some unthinking *Block-head* to become a second *Vassal* to her Tyrannical Disposition; yet she has been heard Scornfully to say, *viz. A Man is such a nasty Creature, that I wonder how a Woman, who has any value for her own Merits, can endure to lie by him*; which occasion'd a Merry Gentleman to make her this reply, *viz.*

I believe, Madam, you have forgot that the most Cleanly of your Sex are under a Sublunary Influence; upon which the Imperious Termagant gave him a Box of the Ear, Sir, says she, take that, and remember you were once fed by what you now reflect upon. I confess, Madam, cries the Gentleman, 'tis so long ago I should have quite forgot it, had you not taken the Pains to beat it into my Memory; so put up the Affront Prudently, which he could not Revenge upon a Woman without Dishonour to himself. She wants neither Beauty to allure, nor Wit to manage, notwithstanding her Haughtiness; but had she the Eyes of a Basilisk, as she has the Pride of a Peacock, and the Fury of a Lioness, I believe she would destroy more Men with her Looks, than Sampson did with his Jaw-Bone, were it only to have the Vanity of Glorifying in the Amorous Numbers she had Martyr'd with her Beauty; for she's such a Devil of a Bellona, that she delights more in Conquest than she does in Enjoyment; and I dare swear has more Felicity in Proudly Triumphant over a Man that Loves her, than she has in being kindly us'd by a Man she Loves; and is therefore render'd, by her Pride and Ingratitude, a fitter Communicant for the Tribe she has chosen, than the Congregation she has left. When her Husband was living she Usurp'd the Nuptial Sovereignty over
her

her Peaceful Spouse, and always wore the Breeches; and now he's Dead, by the Report of her *Chamber-Maid*, she continually wears Drawers, that her *Modicum* may be kept warm with a Flannel Badge of her Old Authority, which she intends, no doubt of it, to re-assume as soon as ever she enters again into the same State. She's such a Tyrant of a Mistress, as she was of a Wife, that she changes her Maids almost as often as she does her Mind, and the general fault she finds in 'em is, that they are too Sawfie, and pay her not that Respect which she thinks is due to her from a Servant. A Man would imagine, by her imperious Carriage to both Sexes, that she was the very Daughter of *Lucifer*, and that her Mother was some *Lapland Witch*, who had Copulation with the *Devil*, or that she never could have Curs'd the World with so Proud an Off-spring. In the Stateliness of her Mein you may read the Prodigality of her Temper, for every Step she takes is with such awful Majesty, that a Man would Judge her, as she Walks, to be a *Theatrical Cleopatra* striding cross the Stage to be Kiss'd by her *Mark Anthony*. She is greatly beholding to *Nature* for the Simitre of her Face as well as her Personal Proportion; yet the value she puts upon her *External Charms* is so far above their Merit, that it renders those *Perfections* Ridiculous, which would
other-

otherwise be Admir'd. Her *Ambition* is such a check upon her more *Effeminate Vices*, that, in a great measure, it restrains her *Lust*, and bridles her from *Immodesty*; for she has the *Vanity* to think no Man of her own Rank and Quality good enough for her Embraces; yet, I dare to swear, she would Trot twice as far as the Queen of *Sheba*, to be Kiss'd by so Glorious a Prince as the Wife *Solomon*, not so much for the Pleasure, as for the Honour of bringing so Great a Monarch upon his Knees to gratifie her *Concupiscence*. She would make a rare flat Bottom'd *General*, to Head an *Amazonian* Army of her own Sex; for she would become a Spear and a Shield as well as the Goddess *Bellona*, that whom she could not Captivate with her *Beauty*, she might Conquer with her *Weapons*; for a Man would judge by the Courage of her *Looks*, and the Proportion of her *Person*, that she is able to Fight or Fondle as well as any Woman in *Chiffendom*; for she is fitted, by her *Temper*, for the Wars of *Mars*, but more by her *Beauty* and her *Gender*, for the Disputes of *Venus*; so that, considering the Stateliness of her *Carriage*, the Pride of her *Heart*, the Excellence of her *Features*, and the Awfulness of her *Countenance*, she is much fitter to be a *Whore* to a *King*, than a *Wife* to a *Subject*, except it be more agreeable to her *Tyrannical Disposition* to over-Rule a *Husband*, than to

Obey a *Sovereign*. But now, most Imperious Lady, since you have made your Approaches within reach of me, I must take you a little to Task, and try if I can't Shame you out of that Ridiculous *Pride*, *Vanity* and *Self-Conceit*, which become none but Tallow-fac'd Quality, who have nothing else to do but to sit lolling in their Coaches, and to gaze with Envy upon all above 'em, and frown with Contempt upon those who, more by Chance, than the want of equal Merit, are plac'd beneath their Level. When-e'er you Contemplate upon those extraordinary Gifts which *Nature* has bestow'd upon you, lest, *Narcissus* like, you should fall in Love with your own Shadow, I would advise you to recollect your self, and not let the remembrance of your base Extract slide into Oblivion, but consider that your Father was a *Pawn-Broker*, a Grizly Knave, that us'd to lend out small Sums at large Interest upon Stolen Goods, and Prey upon the Necessities of his Indigent Neighbours, to support your Squeamish Ladiship in your Juvenile *Pride* and *Vanity* at a *Hackney Boarding-School*; where *Mechanicks* Daughters are Taught to forget their Parentage, and Young Giddy-Brain'd *Citizens* are so often Cheated with *White-Chappel Fortunes*. Next, that your Mother was an Old Canting *Independent Hypocrite*, who could never boast of any other Qualifications

fications than *Praying*, *Lying*, and *Dissembling*; and from this *Venerable Stock* does your *Imperious Ladiship* derive your *Personal Perfections* but your self *Conceit*; from your own *Folly*; and your *Pride* from the *Devil*: Therefore remember but how you were Begot; of whom Born; who you Marry'd; and in what Circumstance left, and then, I think, you may be glad to take up with any honest Fellow that will give your Second-hand *Beauty* a comfortable Subsistence for the Enjoyment of your *Favours*. I would have you consider, that a handsome Woman is but like a rich *Pincushion*, whose outside, tho' it be *Sattin* or *Velvet*, yet if you examine it within, you will find the worthless Stuffing to be but *Bran* or *Sawdust*, so that there is little difference betwixt *Joan* and my *Lady*, except in *External Finery*. Therefore *Pride* not your self so much upon the fairness of your Skin, but remember there's a flaw in the middle, that lessens the value of the Hide, which is no more than a Tempting *Coverslut* to those Instruments of *Iniquity*, which every Woman may Boast as well as your self, but rather Meditate upon your *Vices* and *Infirmities*, which are much more Numerous than your *Vertues*, or your *Graces*, and that will be the best means to reduce your aspiring Temper to a level with your Station, that you may not toss up your Nose at a better

Man than you deserve, but permit a Lover, whose Birth and Fortune are parallel to your own, to make his Amorous Application to your Heroick Ladiship, without the danger of Contempt ; or else, like a Piece of *Fallow-Ground*, may you lie Unplow'd and Unsow'd, till Age and Ugliness shall render you as despicable as a Superannuated *Maid*, or a flat-Nos'd *Harlot*.

*For she that Proudly waits to catch
Some Wealthy Fool above her Match,
Ought, if she fails till past her Prime,
To be despis'd for losing Time.*

Here comes a Blustering Man of Mettle for you, in Red Stockins and an Edg'd Hat, tho' he has no more Title to the Character of a *Soldier*, than he has to that of a *Philosopher* ; this is one of those *Incorrigible Profligates*, whose Mouth is as plentifully lin'd with Oaths, Blasphemies, and Execrations, as the *Tower Arsenal* is with Guns, Swords, and Bagonets. He seldom speaks but it is to Blaspheme God, to Reproach Religion, and to Damn himself ; for Oaths, Curses, Bawdy, and Atheism, make up the whole variety of his *Infernal Dialect*. His Cheeks are swell'd like a *Trumpeter's*, by holding his Breath in *Modest Company*, for the habit of *Swearing* is grown so much his Master, that he can no more speak without
breaking

breaking the fourth Commandment, than a *Smithfield Jockey* sell a Horse without giving the Purchaser a Lye into the Bargain. He sets up mightily for a Man of *Honour*, tho' his Ingratitude to *Heaven* is hourly manifested in every Sentence that he utters; and he that is so Wicked to so Merciful a Creator, can never deal Honestly by his own fellow Creature. His Sinful Intellects, like a Garden over-run with Weeds, yield nothing to the World but what is rank and nauseous; and his Infamous Tongue is one of the *Devil's Vines*, which, instead of Grapes, produces Oaths by Clusters. In the Name of the *Lord* he begins all his *Wicked Stories*, and *Lewd Idle Romances*, and uses his *G—d D—n-me's* by way of Aspiration, as skillful Writers do *Orthographical Points* for the Benefit of the Reader. His Mornings Study, as soon as he awakes, is to Coin a new Set of Oaths for the succeeding Day; for he values himself as much upon every execrable *Novelty*, and fresh fabulous *Debauchery*, as if he thought *Swearing* and *Lying* the only Ornaments of an *Orator*. He has as great an aversion to civil Company, as they have to his intollerable Vices; for as Gorg'd *Drunkards* go out to disimbogue, that they may return to their Companies and drink afresh, so must he step out every quarter of an hour to take a little Breath in Swearing by himself, that before the Prudent he may keep that pernicious

pernicious Member, his Tongue, within those folding Doors, his Lips, which cannot move over the Threshold of his Teeth without committing such abominable *Enormities*, that must force every Modest Man to stop his Ears, or to depart his Company: His Mouth is a perfect Emblem of *Pandora's Box*, for when-ever it opens, out flies some detestable Evil or other, that is a dishonour to God, and hateful to the *World*: His Lungs may be compar'd to the Sucker of a *Sea-Pump* in a *Sound Vessel*; for as the latter brings up nothing but *Belg-Water*, that stinks in the Nostrils of all that are near it, so the former Breaths nothing but such *Infernal Vapours*, that are more than equally loathsome. In Conversation like himself, he is a perfect *Boanergis*, for he Rattles like the breaking of a *Summer Cloud*, and Belches out such Volleys of *Impious Invocations*, more dreadful to a Sober *Christian*, than either *Light'ning* or *Thunder*. His whole *Immoral Dialect* is so *Prophane* and *Diabolical*, as if he was Begot upon a *Fury*; Hatch'd up in *Hell*; and had his Juvenile Education amongst the worst of the *Infernals*. The continual Reiteration of his horrid *Execrations*, render him a *Nusance* to the *World*, and *Scandalous* and *Contemptible* to all *Human Society*; for he is a moving Mount *Aetna*, that vomits up nothing, wheresoe'er he comes, but what's as Terrible to Good Men

Men as *Fire* and *Brimstone*. He is the worst of *Brutes*, tho' unworthily Honour'd with *Human Shape*; for he's so Stupify'd with his *Sins*, and such a besotted Slave to a *Wicked Habit*, that he seems, *Beast* like, to have no Sense of his *Creation*, or of any *Duty* or *Regard* to the *Almighty Power* that Made him; for he is perpetually calling *Divine Vengeance* upon his *Sinful Head*, as if he had the *Pride* of *Lucifer*, who proclaim'd War against *Heaven*, and the *Impudence* of those *Rebellious Gyants*, that bid *Defiance* to *Jove's Thunder*, or otherwise he would never dare to provoke *Omnipotence*, by his *Oaths* and *Curses*, to *Crush* him at one instant into *Everlasting Misery*. Hark you, Mr. *Reprobate*, that looks as *Bluff* as if you were so full charg'd with *Damn-ye's* and *Confound-ye's*, that you were ready to let fly at me; pray stop your *Career* a little, let me try whether the *Devil's Armour*, you have put on for your *Security*, be so damnably *Forg'd* as to be able to resist the force of *Reprehension*; I would have you *Seriously* consider how *Odious* and *Ridiculous* you have render'd your self to all *Civil Conversation*, by so *Shameful* a use of that *Contagious Vice Swearing*, that even the *Wise* and *Wary* shun you like a *Pestilence*, for fear of the *Infection*: You are so intollerably addicted to this *Inharmonious Evil*, that your common *Speech* is more *ingrateful* to the *Ears* of a *Prudent Man*,

Man, than the Discord of a *Cat-call*; and all People shun you, wheresoe'er you come, as if they thought you had swallow'd the *Devil*, and was belching him up by *Piece-meal*: Therefore, in order to your *Reformation*, in the first place abandon all *Company* who are unhappily subject to the same unprofitable Custom, hear good *Sermons*, and read good *Books*, that you may refine your *Dialect* from that *Infernal Dross* that defiles your Lips, and muddies every Expression with those filthy *Dregs*, that render your whole *Conversation* both *Offensive* and *Contemptible*. Believe me, Young Gentleman, the *Vice* of *Swearing* is so *Scandalous* a Habit, that it makes a Man look as if he had been Bred a *Black-Guard Boy*, or under some *Stable-Groom*, whose chief Diversion was to Talk Idly to his *Horses*, and to vent his frothy Passion upon some wresty Jade, that would not stand to be Curry'd without Biting him by the Shoulder. Indeed, Mr. *Blander-Curse*, before I would make my self such a *Scarecrow* to all Company, by the inexcusable Failings of that slippery Member my *Tongue*, I would strictly Confine my self to the *Pythagorean* Silence for seven Years, on purpose to shake off such a notorious *Vanity*; and if that tedious Experiment should prove at last ineffectual, I would Circumcise the incorrigible String, that darts such *Venom* into the Ears of others, rather than it should make me
such

such an *Ingrateful Sinner* to the God that Made me, and so *Scandalous a Reprobate* in the Eyes of all Men, who have the least regard to *Religion, Vertue, Reputation, or Sobriety* : Accordingly I advise you to use the same Methods, lest you can Project to your self more Gentle Means to mend your Manners, and make your self a fit Companion for a *Christian Society*.

*Who-e'er becomes a Swearing Rake,
Sins only for the Devil's sake:
The worst of Knaves that Vice despises,
Because no Profit from it rises.*

Pray make room for yonder *Weasel* fac'd Picture of *Envy*, that is holding up her red Petticoat to shew her handsome Legs : That Mrs. *Busybody* of a *Prattlebox* is such an unsufferable Plague to the Neighbourhood she Lives in, that she is dreaded more than a *Bailiff* among Poor People who take up Money by the Week : She is so exquisite a *Gossip*, and a Woman of that admirable *Intelligence*, that a Man cannot administer a Dose of *Love* to a She-Friend by the by, or bid fair at Home for the Encrease of his Family, but she can tell you the next Day, *how, where*, and at *what* Minute the Conjunction was Solemniz'd ; the greatest Privacy cannot escape her knowledge, for, by Relation of her Neighbours, she is a Woman of that

nice Inspection into the *Mathematical Dimensions* of the most Obscure Secrets, that she knows the utmost length of every Man's *Tedder* in the whole Street, as well as if she had measur'd it: There can be nothing done, or said, within the Circle of her Acquaintance, but, by *Hook* or by *Crook*, she dives into the *Arcana*, and makes herself privy to the most reserv'd Particulars. Tho' she keeps a Maid, she always Walks of her own Errands to the *Chandler's*, where, every time she goes, she sits Chatting for an hour with other People's Servants, to know the Secrets of their Families: She constantly pays her Visits, once a Day, to every *Gossip* in the Neighbourhood, that if any Drunken Husband has Quarrel'd with his Wife, any Wanton Huswife made a wry Step behind her Spouse's Back, or Foolish Wench stumbled Arse foremost to the cracking of her Pipkin, she may be sure to have the News as early as 'tis possible, before the Merry Novelty has descended into the *Alleys*, and surpriz'd the Ears of the Inferiour Quality: She would make a rare *Understrapper* to a *Moorfields Conjuror*, and would compleatly do him as much Service as an *Infernal Familiar*, especially within the Precincts of her own Ranges; for a Neighbour can't Part in the Night, tho' it be under the *Rose*, but she certainly catches it by the next Morning. A *Country Witch* is but a Doating Bungler to this

this inquisitive Piece of *Scrutable Mortality*, for she is a Wheedling Hufwife of that Subtile Penetration, that by that, time she has been an hour acquainted with any of her own Sex, by her *Pumping* and *Sifting*, she will know the bottom of their *Circumstances*: There cannot be a Quarrel, or a Scolding Match, within the Neighbouring Latitude of her Ladiship's Visitation, but she is certainly the first mover of the Clapper-clawing Difference, tho' she has generally Wit enough to evade the Blame, by fastening the Reproach of a *Makebate* upon some Body else that is less guilty: Her Husband she keeps as close at his Business, as a *Jamaica* Planter does his *Negroes* in a *Sugar-Work*; but Rambles herself all Day from place to place, like a *Town News-Writer*, to collect Intelligence; as for *Weddings*, *Christenings*, and *Funerals*, if there be one of either in the Parish, among her own Rank and Quality, and she not at it, there is open Wars proclaim'd throughout all the *Vicinal Territories* for the unpardonable *Indignity*, and nothing but bitter *Words*, *Throat'nings*, *Revilings*, and the *Devil* to do, for a Month after: She is an implacable *Incendiary*, that if she harbours a Prejudice, or is any ways Distated against Husband or Wife, she will raise such *Feuds* and *Jealousies*, by a circular Conveyance of some Mysterious Insinuation to the Ears of one or t'other, that they shall always be at Jars, till she has

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brought them to her Beck, and then she can shew herself as good a Doctress at healing of a Breach, as she is at making one. No Body Loves her, yet every Body's Civil to her, thro' Fear instead of Affection: All her Neighbourhood Curse her in their Hearts, yet no Body dare give her an ill Word, lest they should incur the danger of a worse Evil; for she can make a *Whore*, or a *Cuckold*, so very Cunningly with her Tongue, that a Man shall believe his Wife to be the one, and himself the other, tho' they are, in Truth, neither; and yet she will effect her purpose by such a Round about way, that they shall not be able to detect or punish her, as the Author of the *Scandae*. In short, she is an invidious *Tattle-Box*, that Rattles People out of their Senses; Wheedles 'em out of their Courtesies; and Whispers them out of their Reputation; and is never so well pleas'd as when her Neighbours are at *Variance*. Have a care of her, for here she comes to make one of the Crowd; I knew she could not pass without stepping in amongst you to see what was the matter. Since you have a mind to be satisfy'd, pray, Forsooth, walk into the *Revel Rout*, I am ready to entertain you with such a useful Lecture, which, if you have Patience to hear, and Prudence to observe, will conduce greatly to your own Ease, as well as the Quiet of your Neighbours. In the

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the first place learn to tedder your wandering Curiosity within the Domestick Bounds of your own proper Habitation, and suffer not your Rambling Fancy to run a Wool-gathering after other Peoples Business, but employ that time which you now waste in Idle *Gossiping Tales*, and *Impertinent Visits*, in the Faithful Discharge of your Duty towards God, your Husband, your Children, and your Neighbours, that your Housewifry may appear in the Management of your own Affairs, to the Comfort of your Spouse, and the Satisfaction of your Family. Silence that indefatigable Member, whose incessant Chatterings are so implacable and troublesome to the Ears of all that inhabit near you, and learn to keep it within those Ivory Pallizadoes, which Nature has appointed to be its Bounds, at such Seasons when a Reserv'd Modesty is most Commendable: Hide the Faults of your Neighbours, as you would your own, from the knowledge of the Publick, and let not their Unhappy Failings be the Diverting Subject of your *Gossiping Tittle-Tattle*; Disdain to be the Fomenter of other Peoples Differences, and be as Industrious to preserve a Neighbourly Peace, as you would to secure the Ease and Welfare of your own Family; for a Makebate, like a Witch, is always disquieting herself in doing other People Mischief: Therefore, if you have a
mind

mind to be acquainted with the real Comforts of this Life; and be freed from the Reproach of a *Female Incendiary*; learn to stop your Ears; shut your Mouth; keep Home; and mind your own Business; and these will be the only means to make your *Neighbours* Love you; your *Family* Easy; and your self Happy.

*As Tavern Bar-Bell's always Ratling,
So Gossip's Clapper must be Tatling:
Who Weds the last has cause to pray,
That both were Hang'd the self same way.*

Diver-

Divertisements.

B *Uggerantus Baggerantissimus*: Or, a Brief History of Modern Sodomy. To which is added, *The Fundamental Amours of the late Reverend Doctor Oats*. Written by a profound Admirer of the Devil's Arse in the Peak; and Sold by *Ezekiel Manlove*, at the Sign of the Rump, on the Back-side of the *Royal-Exchange*; where all Reserv'd Ladies, who resolve against *Matrimony*, may be also furnish'd with Artificial Bedfellows of all Sorts and Sizes.

There has been lately found out, for the Benefit of the Publick, and approv'd by several Young Ladies, who perish'd in the Discovery, a most Convenient Place of Retirement, near *Hoxton*, appertaining to which there is a *Melancholy Mote*, where any Despairing Zealot, or Disconsolate Lover, may Pickle themselves in *Com-Piss*, till they become excellent Sauce for the Devil's own Eating. For well may Women be such Fools as to Drown themselves for Love, since Men grow such Brutes as to Hang themselves for Sodomy.

It

It has been lately observ'd, to the great Sorrow of many Charitable Good *Christians*, that the Trade of the *Alley's* in *Moorfields*, is so greatly Impoverish'd by the *Wars*, *Taxes* and the *Laziness* of the Inhabitants that many decay'd *Coblers*, *Tailors*, and distressed *Weavers*, have been forc'd, by their Necessities, to cover their Lank-hair'd Noddles with *Paritanical Fly-flaps*, also to disguise their Lean Carcasses in the *Primitive Robes* of *Sedition* and *Ignorance*, and to make a Spiritual Yawning to a Congregation of *Vipers*, for the Sustenance of themselves and Families; so that all Unletter'd *Penitents* on this side the *Horn-Book*, who have their *Religion* to seek, are Welcome to become Members in full *Communion* the next *Sabbath-Day*; every one Subscribing to their *Pastoral Inter-laper*, according to their Ability: Therefore who-ever desires to be Confounded in their Intellects by any of these *Spiritual Jugglers*, or *Revelation Interpreters*, if they please to Enquire at any of the *Conventicles* in the *Alley's* aforementioned, and they may be furnish'd with a Guide not half so useful as a dark Lantern.



F I N I S.